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FOUNDED UPON FACT,

TRANSLATED FROM A MANUSCRIPT,

FOUND IN AN OLD CASTLE, MAY 10th, 1784;

AND SUPPOSED TO BE ORIGINALLY WRITTEN

BY

A GREAT GRANDSON OF

LEMUEL GULLIVER.

" IF YE BITE AND DEVOUR ONE ANOTHER, TAKE HEED
" THAT YE BE NOT CONSUMED ONE OF ANOTHER."

Gal. v. 15.

" ——— *Quid rides? Mutato nomine, de te*
" *Fabula narratur.*"

Hor.

MDCCLXXXIV.

T. A. B. L. E.

FOUNDED 1700

TRANSLATED FROM A MANUSCRIPT

FOUND IN AN OLD CASTLE, MAY 10th, 1784

AND SUPPOSED TO BE ORIGINALLY WRITTEN

BY

A GREAT GRANDSON OF

LEWIS CLARK

IN THE LIFE AND DEEDS OF ANOTHER, THERE WAS
A GREAT GRANDSON OF LEWIS CLARK

OF THE

LEWIS CLARK

1784



A FABLE, &c.

A Time there was when brutes bore sway,
And dogs, like others, had their day:
If any of the fact should doubt,
Sure *Gulliver* will bear me out.
A Common-wealth these dogs possess'd,
But what its Kind, is not confess'd:
A Democratic, some will have it;
Aristocratic, others leave it:
An Oligarchy some can see,
Or one made up of all the three.
These dogs, at first, were rough and bold,
And could endure the sharpest cold;
Struck terror wherefoe'er they came,
Like Romans once of antient fame.
Whilst unanimity took place,
The fruits appear'd of love and peace:
The joint attacks of all their foes
Could not disturb their calm repose:
Not all their enemies combin'd
Could break this Phalanx so well join'd.

For



For, still their Sages moved by rules,
Which Wisdom dictates in her schools :
And always plann'd th' affairs of state,
By Parliamentary debate.
Their President was calmly bold,
And in their service now grown old ;
In danger oft he firmly stood,
And labour'd for his country's good ;
Who laid a plan, which might secure
Their Common-wealth for ages sure.

When lo ! among these dogs stood up
A most aspiring little pup,
Whose voice, by nature harsh and shrill,
Would like a catcall strangely thrill :
And when he rais'd it, he would squeak,
Yet wish'd to be accounted meek :
He cring'd and bow'd to gain his ends,
And thus at Court at length got friends :
Whoe'er he met, was wont to greet,
And e'en would " sloop to lick their feet." *Like*
By cunning steps he thus went on,
Untill old *Memor* he had won ;
Who dubb'd him soon Lord Privy-Seal,
Which made him strut and wag his tail.
A kind of zeal he had, 'tis true,
And always aim'd at something new ;
He made a buffle where he came,
And then propos'd some fav'rite scheme :
He schem'd at length to change the Laws,
To treat with scorn the good old Cause ;
At least by *something* gain a name,
And e'en by *infamy* get fame ;



Like him, who once a temple fir'd*,
 When with a burning zeal inspir'd,
 He schem'd and schem'd, and plann'd and plann'd,
 And rais'd a ferment thro' the land.

Whilst some now prais'd him for his zeal,
 And thought he meant the public weal;
 A few there were who had suspicion,
 Who saw this little dog's ambition,
 Perceiv'd the spring that mov'd each wheel,
 The motives of his wond'rous zeal;
 And therefore spurn'd his novel plan;
 So party-spirit soon began.

The breach once made grew wider still,
 And Discord manag'd ev'ry wheel:
 Each party spoke as they were mov'd,
 Some blam'd him much, and some approv'd:
 Some grinn'd and star'd, and deeply howl'd,
 Some bark'd aloud, and others growl'd;
 They howl'd and growl'd, and made such pother,
 That one could scarcely hear the other.
 Sedition now began to roar,
 And echo'd back from shore to shore;
 'Till harmony was all a jar,
 And then began a civil war.

A cur there was, with bull-dog's eyes,
 Who thought himself extremely wise;
 As learn'd as any sage of yore,
 Who stamp'd, and star'd, and almost swore:
 "What!—change our plan!—our laws o'erturn,
 To which we had subscrib'd and sworn!"

I

* Erostratus, who set the Temple of Diana at Ephesus on fire, in order to have his name handed down to posterity.

I see the rascal's little foot ;
 I'm sure it came from *Lilliput*.
 Ha !— shall the novice dare to rule,
 Who should have been 'till now at school ?
 For, what is strange, indeed, to tell ;
 The puppy cannot even spell !
 To see the ignoramus write !
 It swells my breast !—I'll burst with spite !
 Shall *I*, who've criticis'd each page
 Of ancient or of modern sage ;
 Can Hebrew turn to English rhyme,
 And make e'en discords seem to chime ;
 Shall *I*, forsooth, consent to that,
 To stand below a pigmy brat !—
 Tell me, ye stars, am I so curs'd ?
 For, now I want to know the worst."

Another dog was more sedate,
 Yet proud and haughty in his gait ;
 Who all his equals oft had scorn'd,
 And those below him always spurn'd ;
 Of ill-bred manners, low degree,
 A foe profess'd to monarchy.
 This dog, whilst envy swell'd his breast,
 And hatred mark'd his lofty crest ;
 Stood up and said—" The little Elf !
 How dare he step before myself !
 My head contains as much knowledge,
 Although not tutor'd in a College ;
 And sure 'tis fill'd with as much brains
 As any bullock's fed with grains :
 Shall puggy to my place aspire,
 Who am by head and shoulders higher ?

No—no,— it must not, shall not be!
 'Come, all my friends, now stand by me!
 But, that we may the better act,
 And none suspect me of the fact;
 I'll put old *Bulger* on the task;
 I'm sure I need but only ask:
Bulger's a bold and daring fellow;
 Besides, I know he hates *Prunellow*:
 He'll undertake to sound th' alarm:
 Whilst I sit here both snug and warm:
 But then, as far as hints can go,
 Our friends in Town my mind shall know:
 In secret thus I'll lay a mine,
 Will blast the puppy's grand design."

A third cried out with drawling tone,
 And to his mate thus made his moan:
 "Alas! my dear, I'm quite undone!
 The dwarf has surely me outrun!
 He bends with such a supple knee,
 In fawning far surpasses me;
 And keeps so close to *Mentor's* ear,
 That he has gain'd attention there:
 I worship'd long at *Mentor's* shrine,
 And had him often here to dine:
 I cring'd, and bow'd, and play'd the ape,
 And writh'd myself to ev'ry shape:
 I prais'd the sage in all he did,
 And still enlarg'd on all he said:
 I often whisper'd in his ear,
 And always call'd him "Father dear:"
 I strove to suit him to a tittle,
 And even stoop'd to lick his spittle:

I freely now confess to you,
 A Pension I had still in view;
 That, had I got it, you might ride
 In state and splendor by my side;
 Might take an airing out of town,
 No more to juggle with each clown.
 I labour'd hard to gain my ends,
 And made those foes, who once were friends:
 I often stabb'd them in the dark,
 Or stop'd them, if they strove to bark:
 And when the Sage was on his tour,
 I sent expresses every hour;
 To let him most minutely know
 All things, respecting friend or foe:
 I ran about and gave a look
 In every chimney, stove, and nook:
 Remark'd the faults, however little,
 Of fender, poker, tongs, or kettle:
 Yes, wrought in many dirty jobs,
 And oft was hooted by the mobs:
 But disregarded all their sport,
 So I could get a place at Court:
 For they who wish to please the Great,
 Must watch their nod, must bow, and wait:
 Must echo whatsoe'er they say,
 And yet not murmur at their pay:
 Must act just as their Masters will,
 Either to move, or stand stock still:
 Must cringe like spaniels at their feet,
 And e'en when kick'd, must say 'tis meet:
 I often trudg'd through cold and rain,
 But find, alas! my efforts vain:

For

For now my hopes are blasted quite,
 I'll therefore bid the Sage good night:
 I never lov'd him in my heart,
 Although so well I play'd my part:
 The malecontents I'll therefore join,
 And all their resolutions sign:
 I'll sometimes groan, and sometimes sigh,
 And strive e'en thus to raise the cry:
 Who knows but I may still be great?
 Become a Minister of State?
 May gain myself and you renown,
 If Fortune does not sadly frown?"

A fourth soon join'd this snarling gang,
 Who lov'd to hear himself harangue:
 And oft, with insolence replete,
 Would e'en to *Mentor* dare to prate:
 To Crispin he had serv'd his trade,
 But soon became a gimmy blade;
 And stepp'd abroad to take a tour,
 As other Heroes did of yore:
 At length he journey'd on to Town,
 No longer now a country clown:
 His passions strong, his aspect keen,
 Of frisky air, and lightsome mien:
 He sometimes painted, it is said,
 And ting'd his cheeks a little red:
 Because he wish'd to be admir'd,
 And at a Stateman's place aspir'd:
 In any party he would join,
 So it might suit his own design:
 If he could eat, and drink, and sleep,
 He car'd not who would sigh or weep:

Or could he still be sleek and clean,
 He'd laugh at others lank and lean:
 But yet when once his phrensy rose,
 He could bespatter friends and foes:
 Could dart his venom, ire, and gall,
 At rich and poor, at great and small:
 Whene'er he quaff'd a flowing bowl,
 His tongue would run, his eye-balls roll:
 He sneer'd at all the little pups,
 And kick'd them too, when in his cups;
 Or, if disputes among them rose,
 'This bravo shortly came to blows:
 Yea, in a trice, with angry frown,
 Would knock his next companion down:
 He now address'd the gaping crowd,
 And flourish'd, whilst he bark'd aloud:
 His elbows still around him laid,
 From habit of his ancient trade:
 His speeches had a little zest,
 For oft he strove to raise a jest:
 And whilst some seem'd most highly pleas'd,
 In stupid silence others gaz'd:
 To some most loyal he appear'd
 But those of penetration fear'd:
 For, though he prais'd the Constitution,
 He dearly lov'd a Revolution;
 And only new conceal'd, by art,
 What he most wish'd, and had at heart:
 He therefore winded round his Theme,
 And laugh'd at Puggy's bubble scheme:

He

He call'd it a most odious plot,
 And said twas hatch'd in urine pot : *
 But this to some seem'd all grimace,
 Because they knew he sought a place :
 Yea, e'en would stoop to that he spurn'd,
 If once the times-or Fortune turn'd :
 So all he said had little weight,
 And only shew'd he lov'd to prate. •

A fifth attempted next to bark,
 A cur both fullen, close, and dark :
 Whose eyes would as the lightning pierce,
 Or rather like the tyger fierce :
 He once had fared on homely bread,
 But now, at *Mentor's* table fed,
 He soon became a doughty Lord,
 And took his place at Council-board :
 He sat, forsooth, at *Mentor's* side,
 Which serv'd to swell his heart with pride :
 He growl'd at Pug, and loll'd his tongue,
 And said that all he did was wrong ;
 And that his foolish innovation
 Had spread much discord throught the Nation :
 Besides, his schemes and frantic zeal
 Would soon o'erturn the Common-weal :
 And, as he seem'd so fond to range,
 He would, like Proteus, surely change.
 But though this cur thus us'd to pout,
 He soon himself could turn about :
 Yea learn'd so well the Court-intrigue,
 That e'en with Pug he join'd in league :

And

* This is a fact.

* Prov. x. 10.

Or could he still be sleek and clean,
 He'd laugh at others lank and lean:
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And shew'd, as others have of old,
That Patriots may be bought and sold.

These quirks and tricks on ev'ry hand,
Increas'd the clamour through the Land;
And fill'd the thinking with disgust,
Because they knew not whom to trust:
For honest worth was now despis'd,
And cunning knaves most highly priz'd:
Fair Truth was banish'd from her place,
And glaring Falsehood shew'd its face:
Then Fame on swiftest pinions flies,
To spread ten thousand thousand lies:
Which set the country in a roar,
And rais'd sedition more and more.

As Pug began to feel th' alarm,
He now prepar'd to meet the storm;
And therefore flew from post to post,
To view each fortress on the coast:
He tried what forces he could raise,
To help him out, and swell his praise:
At first he sounded well their mind,
To know how they might be inclin'd:
Then shew'd them what they had to do,
And bade them always mind his cue:
To look to him for daily bread,
And rest assured they should be fed.

While searching thus he chanc'd to find
A mastiff suited to his mind:
A brown, and dirty swinish hulk,
Who in dark corners lov'd to sculk:
Like any eel could nimbly twist,
And enter'd soon in Puggy's list:

His

His paunch was fill'd with stinking fat,
 For oft at butcher's block he fat;
 And snatch'd the offals as they fell,
 Which made his oily skin to swell.
 A doubt about his birth arose,
 For some beheld his harpy toes;
 And others saw a buzzard's beak,
 Whose head was like a grisly snake:
 To this was join'd a brawny breast,
 Which made him still look like a beast;
 He was, they said, without dispute,
 A mule betwixt a bird and brute:
 He had at once in him combin'd
 The leopard, fox, and tyger kind;
 The bear, hyena, wolf, and goat,
 And many more of rav'nous throat:
 And then to mend the mungrel brood,
 He suck'd, in youth, a viper's blood.

This dog just suited Puggy's mind,
 For more complete he could not find:
 He therefore fix'd him in a stall,
 Where he might hoot, and scream, and bawl:
 Might puff for Pug, and cry aloud,
 And so delude the stupid crowd:
 Might lull their fears, and close their eyes,
 By juggling, quibbling, and disguise:
 He now began to act his part,
 For well he knew his patron's heart:
 The trumpet with shrill tone he blew,
 And still more insolent he grew:
 He puff'd and puff'd, and spread such lies,
 As ne'er were heard beneath the skies:

Till

'Till, having gone beyond all bounds,
 At length he got some scars and wounds ;
 Which made him curl, and twist his beak,
 And writhe himself like any snake :
 He now was treated as a scout,
 Because his tricks were all found out :
 And Puggy too found, to his cost,
 That all his pompous schemes were lost :
 For, e'en the dupes, whom he had cull'd,
 Were now convinc'd they had been gull'd :
 They therefore open'd wide their throats,
 And all complain'd in various notes :
 A cry was rais'd—" To arms ! to arms !
 Which fill'd the country with alarms ;
 And spread such bitter, hostile rage,
 As ne'er was felt in any age.

Now hoarse *Bellona* roar'd aloud,
 And plains were cover'd with the crowd :
 When waters to a deluge swell*,
 Where it shall stop, pray who can tell ?
 A few old sages calmly stood,
 And strove, in vain, to stem the flood :
 The ship they saw by storms so tost,
 That now they gave up all for lost ;
 And therefore sought a safer place,
 Where they might live and die in peace.

The rage canine had so far spread,
 That every field was fill'd with dead :
 That sons against their fathers stood,
 And brothers shed each others' blood :

The

* Prov. xvii. 14.

The tumult rag'd through ev'ry part,
 Which broke at length old *Mentor's* heart ;
 And caus'd a sudden dissolution
 Of all their ancient Constitution :
 Their enemies now seiz'd the prize,
 Which long they view'd with eager eyes ;
 The empire where these dogs had reign'd
 For ages, and had honour gain'd.
 So they, who once had spread their fame,
 Are now extinct without a name.

THE MORAL.

When fools presume to steer the helm,
 Or proudly lord it o'er a realm :
 When cringing sycophants prevail,
 And downright flatt'ry turns the scale :
 When men, like dogs, will snarl and bite,
 And tear each other in the night :
 When enmity and feuds take place,
 And civil discord spreads apace :
 When such a curse pervades a land,
 And dangers threat on every hand :
 When many shudder with dismay,
 And shrink in such a cloudy day :
 The upright man still walks secure†,
 And keeps, 'midst all, a conscience pure :

He

† Prov. x. 9.

He calmly sails, and steers along,
 Amidst the noisy, bustling throng :
 Preserves a truly steady mind,
 In ev'ry storm, and every wind :
 He knows he has a faithful FRIEND,
 Who waits to crown him in the end § :
 When he shall enter into rest,
 For gold that's pure will stand the test.

§ Psal. xxiii. 4.—xxxvii. 37.

THE MORAL.

FINIS.

